



Outlandish Contrivance
Modern Sonnets
Matt Hill

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one strides with purpose when/as
walking beckons towards metaphor
feet of fire & hands of irony presage
any gain of trajectory by gathering space

original pedestrians traverse the scapes
at times fueled by an impetuous mobility
or by the forces of hidden irregularity by
those who perform random walk algorithms

perhaps through various forms of limited shuffling
the feet will move across the purity of crooked roads
along with what would be the difficulties of daily glory

an onward perambulatory feat done with feet
moving forward even if off-balanced at times
though terrains so filled with vapid architecture

cardboard everybodies tend
to be mundanely made manifest
as one dimensional characters by
those who speak in empty rooms

to those who live in a cultural myopia
these times wrought with false implants
taken up in this wonder world of whoa
such being the high octane gaseous pathos

emitted by scabrous nut jobs who
roil on through these illusory times as
the subtle is not separate from the gross

by an overwhelming sense of plethora do
the inflammatory triggers get pulled while
today's rage becomes tomorrow's ruin

like hot potatoes, flanged & flung
not upon a mixed grill of hypocrisy
but rather as food for mere mortals like
those who insist on a slice of Mangle Pie

they won't bring anything new to the table
with their crappy little bits of various futility
done to promote more nasty bacterial alchemy
while the daily moronics become fully exhibited

a republic fully fraught with collective misremembers
& the false claims of glibly scripted momentum found
through a wrung wreckage of wrongly wrought reasons

O so loud with painfully ignorant ambitions
rippling through the backlashing showdowns
while wingnut heroes flash their Idiot Grins

anecdotes are not intended to replace reality
& if modern life becomes a soul crush at times
one learns to *climb down* from the mistakes
& rearrange pieces of the mess per the need

moments of integrity boot-up a sure-fired life
with a decanting the cheap & aerating the fine
primal tone would best indicate the emphasis
as one is invited to move *with* the struggle

or not use slick tricks on how to appear smart
by resolving to move through the essential silence
which usually trumps the bullshit anyway anyway

& since the future now comes preloaded
right when you are on the edge of ALWAYS
just abandon the map & adopt the territory

seduction by metaphor is fully indicated
as true poiesis manifests its far terrain
any evidence of the Unsaid appears
sometimes in big talismanic chunks or

as palindromic amulets might manifest
by a mirrored eloquence of one's heart
as the outrageous glimmer of the strange
takes apart any mundane understanding

with doses of the Marvelous wroughtly
forged through & by igneous occlusion
maybe sparkling like blue acetate discs

the metaphors shift around in word clouds
like abandoned shadows guarding the night
as rainbows allow themselves to fully unravel

the fangled fissures of fate flare then fade
many times it all comes down to the context
like when clouds are not willing or compliant
even when good news stays below the radar

while many particulars continue unresolved
as some await the arrival of some back music
& the securing of the late evening whiskey
a populace lives on in a stunned state of mind

fresh stalemates played to the collective guilt by
mostly assuming a high tolerance for wackiness
because it seems the untrue parts are what matter

in a nation probably doomed by not knowing it
dystopian cliches drive the daily dead-end promos
while the far gods cry over the generalized thievery

a weeping aspect of such ridiculous aspect
these upstarts who generate the start ups
only to lose integrity by gaining a higher status
& to trample any dignity only to seek a break

could be worse than a hard swearing sailor tho
the one who clears the decks for further glory
yet does this right to remain unknown presuppose
some kind of assumed salvation-by-algorithm?

a series of stealth heists by the toxic few
to set sail only to secure the future winds as
this plethora of gadgets involves an endgame

“These billions are for our leverage, right?”
incentivize everything with market baloney
& sure as shootin’, it will end up indecisively

doctors tainted with too much schooling
by the long shadows of practice & tradition
always in a search for ephemeral symptoms
that encourage vague results but no solutions

this misery-made money in the fetch zone
hey commercial disease never had it so good
individual dooms blessed by iatrogenic fallout
only the best that mediocrity can thereby offer

medical practice in default mode will continue
through the pulse and throb of slick modern life
so pathology can be practiced by imprisoned minds

in ways more rife than any previously imagined
& since mortality is fraught with mortal device
paying big for further glitch is the way wrong way

brandishing might be the most potent of gestures
& one could flowchart the unclear impact of this
or it might just be a bunch of hooey grimly foisted
similar to a sky dispensing its wet promulgations

like a lively fist sold directly to the consumer face
a brand brandished by real gesticulated emphasis
could also be some credible empirical apparition
say by targeting the old school hedonists and such

even if gaming the algorithms is still done by brandish
while one manages to look like crap yet still feel great
or even coming armed with the sandwich of authority

yet the basics of pointlessness may not even apply
if any residual irony has just punched out & departed
& the scenarios are left with everything but the effect

what is the square root of endless perambulation?
one asks when stuck in a womb of baffling gnosis
what's brooding in the mouth might also knowingly
ask about the afternoon sound of a butterfly's wings

running on random across the Breakfast Territory
subjective interpretations on questions about water
spurred onward in wonder through the fortuitous mud
& "under the blue celeste of sky ruins" (Beckett)

the crazy tractions involved by any return to obscurity
alter the laidback afternoons made for modern rustics
even though they say the best day is always yesterday

because the geometric structure of ubiquity is also
conditioned by cultural gravity and other unknowns
henceforth the rule is no victory laps without the victory

empirically there may not be any immaculate space
as if objects can be defined by their surrounding beauty
but what would be the philosophical basis for nothing
if gravity's linkage becomes some relativity of the damned?

translating reality can be a perilous thing
by deconstructing the inertia of objects etc
from the concrete to the abstract & back
any idolatry of former selves reigns supreme

sometimes there are no grounds for stopping & when
the hours of fear pile up into days of insurrection this
only adds to the mess with dark ratios of global inequity

with a display of the false hands of regime change
fallen leaders act like old bulls led out to slaughter
the global cost is what is paid for with our silence

climactic shunt collides with specimen hypocrisy
not-so-sharp opportunists juke the stats bogusly
less rhetoric, more talking might be a viable fix
before it's time for the peasants to revolt again

outflankings done with savvy and deceit
a swarm of screwups results in aftermath
appeals are won, only to lose the future
through a forfeiture of responsible destiny

a society built on oversight & last chances
as it catches the loss with one heck of a haul
& the old scripts uphold plenty of false outrage

a rankled culture filled by ranklers & snivelers
the waiting list for scandals growing ever longer
while the Unruly Days starve upon sectarian food

surely life is more than random ink on the page
or more than blogging, flogging, & hotdogging
certainly more than guilt & faux money pursuits
or more than bending time for others fun & profit

life is about modern hygiene being back in style
it's about one's bushwacking towards redemption
or wisely using the veto pen to counter the idiocies
fundamentally it's having the guts to question Everything

life is the Mother Bone we all chew on
in the unseen places loaded with contradiction
or in suburbs fraught with tragic ghosts of the past

many days lived through hard-to-ignore irony
as one gets the low down on the what's up
by discerning life through its fierce nuances

somewhere between saturation & inertia
embedded in hours teeming with minutia
the residue of moments irretrievably lost
will disclose an exile's acute moral dilemma

tempted to gaze homeward then walk away
or maybe write home to no one in particular
or sing melancholy songs & other deceptions
one can find life in the splendor of the gutters

inexplicably exiled in the contemporary ruins
taking the small steps that affect no one else
it just makes sense to reject the world's advice

focused upon the necessary blood of survival
with rough lives lived in the existence margins
are cords of inclement risk that never get cut

eloquence via the pain rends a heavy heart
through this pain eloquence seeks its home
this when a sad fire lives in the grieving throat
as saving that fire runs along the edge of loss

future heralds conjecture about worlds to come
while a toll of emotions forms the future's patina
damaging myth-filled rhetorics are left far behind
if hope ever arrives by way of a soul emergency

life at times demands unraveling the lumpy mysteries
by often refusing to coddle those insistent chimeras
while many lucky shadows cushion the ruinous rubble

candid attainer with remarks made impertinently
stunned after getting hammered on the front pages
one can then flub the lines when rooting for the mess

days of fierce hair indicate that in this mortal fray
any resolve to conquer brutal problems also asks
can one be disqualified for having too much integrity
or by witnessing the specters of hypocritical mornings?

the good news is that there are no
longer any demons in your table salt
the bad news is that sex with infidels
does nothing to reduce the carnage

how the elite stay elite is the main thing tho
with their sponsoring a fabric of devastation
while the future sends us an invoice C. O. D.

eliminate the barriers in order to tighten up the mess
is done by lifting the heavy shadows to a higher value
& by looking *through* the world of subjective evolution

the cloud loving people lost in mindless hours
their alert senses drenched in seasonal change
afternoon skies populated with cumulo-nimbus
worthy solitudes lived under a “formidable sky”

nebulous events occur under fertile froth frontiers
where clouds are more than storage phenomena
like marine clouds that uphold galactic sea foam
like lost love yet found through the stolen years

seasoned excursions extend the quiet thru solitude
the time tools of change serve as a prime continuity
this phenomena of moments seeks flaws in a late sky

hearing silence & its repetition in evening’s wane
shifts in the fiery creation of mystery cloud shows
to audit a slow-motion night air with measured doubt

where the ideological eunuchs flutter & flare
taking the 5th with their clashing flashing eyes
lies & hypocrisy rise to the highest level with
freight loads of vanity enough to sink the ship

those responsible for outbreaks of non-popularity
as the heat starts rising when the detractors pounce
fake mirth levels immediately going & staying viral
unforeseen events of human mixing but not matching

intelligence is best drawn to that which is not said
pay attention when the unspoken indicators line up
rounding up opinions for execution can be alarming

the right to insult is not and should not be socially free
ie moral considerations should not have barren progeny
as the integrity of the subjective demands an ethical arc

less about food deconstruction & more about gastronomy
a gift culture demands a currency underwritten by cookies
while food prophets address luncheons with starred names
ingesting meat filets supplied by the renowned Ox in a Box

wayward molecules mix it up in this indifferent food milieu
a grandly mandibular mayhem meshes in bacterial transfer
roasted art is about making statements & not about eating
but deifying the mother of all sandwiches may also be risky

hedonistic marshmallows beckon with fiery promise
while crepuscular tacos hold tightly to a deep stigma
as they poignantly sip some branch water on the rocks

feasting upon the toasted crumbs of oblivion
with all this wrangling over rasty foodstuffs when
the salt and pepper of daily disasters keeps awaiting

surfaces of controversy scripted according to a formula
yet when agreement breaks out everyone seems stunned
drawn to what is not said or circumstances not revealed
these rusted stooge-leaders down-spiral into fatal eclipse

mulching the apocalyptic with loads of distracting muck
by this alarming expansion of the mostly forgotten past
current graft still earned & spent the old-fashioned way
yellow-bellied miscreants are the antithesis of convincing

we move through this epoch of gadgeted auto-idolatry
with a distinct undercurrent of collective nervousness
our status trappings generate so much ordained entropy

like striated magma flowing into the island seas
our fallen arches drop with pathetic temporality
while the celebrity killers all have sporty new looks

poets get blinded by the winter moon if
an allure of moist goddess comes a-calling
riding the weather windows ever onward
O the sublime torque of a metaphoric life!

through the inscrutable drift of strange lingos
where sometimes gestures prevail over words
poesis is done to recombine the word gene pool
allowing one to breathe well with metaphoric breath

weathering personal storm clouds of heavy lingering
feeling unfelt like frozen smoke in spangled delirium
far above a far-flung futility peppers the hot shadows

cadence works well when possessing critical mass
language sometimes gets done with vague thematics
as poesis is the compelling synthesis of experience

These 21 sonnets represent the first installment of a projected 77 poem work. The rules of grammar and syntax have largely been dispensed with, indicating my intent to better foster a hoped for collaboration with the reader.

